

His Flower Fairy

By KATE M. CLEARY

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They were not there when he had left the room.

Percival Craig, the new rector of St. Sebastian's, paused with his hand on the back of the swivel chair which he had been about to give a preparatory twist before sitting down.

"Another evidence of personal good will," he murmured, his fair, expressive face brightening almost boyishly with gratification. "Verily, my lines seem to have fallen in pleasant places."

One would have conceded that fact, knowing how cultured the minds, how generous the hearts and how high the standard of rectitude among the parishioners of St. Sebastian's. The pastor preceding the present incumbent had grown old in their service. While he had been beloved, it was pleasant to the congregation to welcome the advent of a younger man, one whose opinions, although progressive, were free from the taint of irreverence and whose family connections were all that the most fastidious among them could desire.

This morning, the first that Craig had deliberately settled down to work in his study, he had been called to the door for a few minutes. Now, on his return he found things precisely as he left them, except that on the ponderous table open upon his desk lay a slender sheaf of hyacinths, heliotrope of hue, freshly cut and fragrant.

"Mrs. Mason!" The footsteps passing through the hall ceased. "Step here, please!"

His housekeeper, ruddy cheeked and gray haired, looked in at the door.

"Did you put these flowers here, Mrs. Mason?"

"Not I, sir!"

"Maybe Ellen did," he hazarded.

"She's been washing windows upstairs this hour back, sir," returned Mrs. Mason. And, muttering something about her custards, she disappeared.

"Strange!" commented the Rev. Percival. But the pleased smile still lingered around his mouth when he had put the delicate spikes in water and was reading the solemn looking book.

Before the hyacinths had faded there was another floral surprise for the new



"I DIDN'T WANT YOU TO—TO KNOW 'T WAS ME!" SHE SOBBED.

rector. This time it was a rose that lay on the printed page—a pink, softly growing, velvety rose—that made him think of Alys Ward. He had met her a few times since coming to his new parish, and he found himself most persistently haunted from the first by her demure beauty and pretty, graceful ways.

He rang the bell.

"Has any one called to see me this morning, Mrs. Mason?"

"No one, sir." Mrs. Mason regarded him admiringly. He was a fine representative of the church militant. That straight, soldierly figure, square shoulders and proudly carried head would have looked well leading a regiment.

For several days after the finding of the rose instead of loitering in the dining room to read the morning papers Mr. Craig brought them with him directly to the study. The rose drooped. He shook the loosening petals in the big book. There was no odororous successor. But one morning he was summoned to the bedside of a hypochondriac acquaintance who was undergoing one of his periodical attacks of dissipation. Striding absently into the study on his return, he stopped short, his nostrils assailed by a perfume elusive as exquisite.

"Violets!" he exclaimed. "Violets!" Violets there were—a blue drift of them across the open pages of the learned book.

"This time, in the absence of Mrs. Mason, the interrogated Ellen—and with no success."

"Sure, 'tis a slip n'v a colleen do be after bringin' them!" declared Ellen, who was fresh from the Emerald Isle and a new acquisition in the clerical household. "Her name do be Ward, they tell me. She lives in the great house beyond."

"That will do," said the Rev. Mr. Percival hastily. But he did not read the wide volume that day. Instead he sat a long time looking dreamily

at the violets and wondering—oh, the most marvelous things!

Although he had been much flattered by women, he had scant share of conceit. So at the close of his reverie he sighed. He could attribute to naught save pure neighborliness the gifts of the girl to whom his love had gone out almost at first sight. Nevertheless, when the violets were withered, on two successive mornings he left the house with much ostentation and soon thereafter noiselessly left himself into the hall. On the second morning there was a flurry of white by the study table as he abruptly entered the room, then a fall and a cry of pain. Instantly he sprang across the floor—to pick up the slim little lassie of six, who lay with a bunch of lilies of the valley clasped tightly in her tiny fingers.

"I didn't want you to—know 'twas me!" she sobbed. "I always brought them to old Mr. Snowdon. Mrs. Mason used to let me in. And he never knew 'twas me. He used to tell me the fairies—or—maybe just one fairy—brought them to him. And I'd laugh and laugh. Ouch!" She colored hotly with the pain. "My foot got hurt!"

"I'll carry you home," Percival assured her tenderly. "You liked Mr. Snowdon (who, by the way, was the predecessor of the Rev. Mr. Craig), you liked him very much?"

"Yes. Maybe I'll like you, too, some time. Alys—she's my sister—says you are most—most—I forget. It was a long word. But it means nice. Tommy Brown says Mr. Snowdon only pretended he didn't know about me being the fairy. Isn't Tommy a horrid boy?"

"Horrid!" assented Percival Craig. "Don't be frightened, Miss Alys!" For she had come flying down the steps at sight of him and his burden.

"Fairies always get well quickly," he assured little May. "I intend coming to see you every day until you can come to see me."

"Do," begged the child from the shelter of her sister's arms. "But you won't ever think I'm a real fairy now."

Alys laid her on the sofa and went out to telephone the doctor.

"Oh, yes; I will if you help me to get my wish. Good fairies always help mortals."

"What is your wish?"

"I want you to coax dear Alys to marry me and have you for flower girl."

"That's easy. Alys will do anything for me," declared May complacently. "Say—I remember that word now. It was at-tractive."

"Good little fairy!" cried Craig and hastened off. In his study he gently picked up the blossoms she had insisted on leaving. He recalled the look in Alys Ward's eyes when she had taken May from him, and his pulse thrilled. "Good little sister!" he said. "Dear little fairy flower girl!"

Decide What You Will Do.

An engineer who starts to build a bridge and then keeps finding better places to put his piers and wondering whether he has selected the best location or not will never get the bridge across the river. He must decide, then go ahead and build the bridge no matter what obstacle he may strike. So it is with the builder of character. He must decide finally what he will do and then make for his goal, refusing to look back or be moved from his course.

Tens of thousands of young people with good health, good education and good ability are standing on the end of a bridge at life's crossing. They hope they are on the right way, they think they are doing the right thing, and yet they do not dare to burn the bridge they have just crossed. They want a chance for retreat in case they have made a mistake. They cannot bear the thought of cutting off all possibility of turning back. They lack the power to decide conclusively what course they will take.—O. S. Marden in Success.

Very Ancient Jokes.

When Themistocles was trying to get money out of the Oondrians for the Greece defense fund and told them that the Athenians would come with two great gods, persuasion and necessity, the Andrians replied that the Athenians were well off with two such serviceable gods, but they had two gods who always dwelt in their country—poverty and impossibility.

Cyprus' bitter jest about the fishes to the wretched Ionians, who had declined his overtures, and then after the taking of Sardis wanted to come to terms, has too much cruelty to be humorous. "Say," said the insulting victor, "that a piper, seeing fishes in the sea, were to pipe to them, thinking they will come out to the land, and when he was disappointed of his hope took a net and inclosed a great multitude of the fishes and drew them to land, and seeing them flopping about said to the fishes, 'Cease dancing to me, since you would not come out and dance when I played.'"—Westminster Review.

Queer Scenes in St. Paul's.

At one time the naves of English churches were the resorts of idle loungers, the gentry affecting much to walk, to see and to be seen in the various edifices. But the scenes which took place in "Paul's walk," in St. Paul's cathedral, London, became a scandal. The cathedral was termed "at once a thoroughfare, a market and a fashionable promenade." From an act passed in the reign of Queen Mary dealing with this abuse it would seem that beer, bread, fish and flesh were vended there, horses, mules and cattle driven through the building, and, according to an old writer, the midst of the cathedral was the scene of "all kinds of bargains, meetings, brawlings, lawdances, conspiracies and the sort of ordinary payments of money." It should be mentioned that no difference was made when the service was going on.

Mack Has Schoolboy "Phenom"

John Knight, Shortstop of Philadelphia Americans, Youngest League Player --- Inherits Ability. John Evers of Chicago Another Prodigy.

The Athletic club of the American league enjoys the unique distinction of having discovered and at once used with success in championship games a mere schoolboy, without professional experience. That youth is John Knight,



SHORTSTOP JOHN KNIGHT, PHILADELPHIA AMERICANS.

the new 1905 shortstop who leaped from obscurity to national fame in a day, as it were.

Knight was born in Philadelphia in 1885 and learned to play ball on the lots and with school teams. He comes by his talent rightly, as his father, now a city employee, was pitcher for the old Shibe club in 1878-79, and a right good pitcher too.

It is, by the way, quite a coincidence wholly unequalled in the history of baseball that both father and son should have played on clubs thirty years apart, headed by the same man—Ben Shibe, the present head of the fourth Athletic club. Young Knight in the course of time was admitted to the Philadelphia High school, of whose team he became third baseman in his junior year, 1904. After the school term closed he finished the season with the Brandywine club of West Chester, Pa., playing under the name of Ryan. During the past winter he was engaged by Connie Mack upon the earnest recommendation of friends and taken south last spring. He made a favorable impression upon Manager Mack and his fellow players and was held for substitute work. In the very first championship game of 1905 Shortstop Monte Cross had his hand broken by a pitched ball, and Knight was sent in to play an unfamiliar position, his experience having been confined to third base play. His instantaneous success is a matter of record. While not the equal of the agile Cross as a ground coverer, he nevertheless proved himself a clever fielder, while at the bat he was a wonder.

For weeks Knight was in every batting rally, won a number of games by timely hits and led the Athletic team and the American league with a great batting average.

Another lad, a mere stripling, who has suddenly won wide baseball fame is John Evers, second baseman of the Chicago Nationals. Evers is only twen-



SECOND BASEMAN JOHN EVERS OF CHICAGO NATIONALS LEAGUE.

ty-two years old, two years the senior of Knight. He was born at Troy, N. Y., on March 21, 1883. He made his debut as a professional with the 1902 team that represented his home city in the New York league and made such a fine record that in September of that year he was sold to the Chicago club.

Evers had more chances in 1904 than any major league infielder, first baseman excepted. His batting record follows: With Troy, .283 in 1902; with Chicago, .293 in 1903 and .265 in 1904. He led the New York league in home runs in 1902, but has not made a four base hit during his National league career.

POP GOES THE WEASEL.

The Meaning of These Words in the Old English Song.

How many people know the meaning of the words "Pop goes the weasel" in the song? Many of us have probably regarded them as a meaningless tag, having some dim Cockney bearing on the animal. Such a bearing they have, but in an unexpected way. A writer in Notes and Queries affirms that the words refer to a purse made of weasel skin which opened and closed with a snap. This brings the line out of irrelevant jargon into the main sense:

Up and down the city road,
In and out the Eagle;
That's the way the money goes—
Pop goes the weasel.

The "popping" or snapping of the purse is declared to be the equivalent of "Bang went saxeption."

But this explanation is not, perhaps, so inherently probable as another which makes "weasel" a slang term for silver plate, prize cups, etc.—articles which, as the result of gadding in the City road, were pawned or "popped." This idea is repeated in a story of an Islington tailor who, through frequenting the Eagle tavern, had to pop his "weasel," an instrument used in the cutting of cloth. Whatever the weasel may have been, the song went round the world, and many a boy in far-off Brazil or Ceylon received his first idea of London's streets in its reference to the City road.—London Globe.

BIRD CUSTOMS.

The Habit of Billing and the Stock Dove's Bow in a Fight.

An Englishman, Edmond Selous, has been watching doves at play and in combat. Of the habit of "billing," in which so many birds engage when they are nesting, he says: "Where birds now merely 'bill,' they once, in my opinion, fed each other, or the male fed the female, but pleasure came to be experienced in the contact alone, and the passage of food, which was never necessary, gradually became obsolete. I think it by no means improbable that our own kissing may have originated in much the same way, and that birds when thus 'billing' experience the same sort of pleasure that we do when we kiss must be quite obvious to any one who has watched them."

Of a peculiarity of the stock dove Mr. Selous writes: "When these birds fight they constantly interrupt the flow of the combat by bowing in the most absurd way, not to one another, but generally, so to speak, for no object or purpose whatever, apparently, but only because they must do so. The fact is the bow has become a formula of courtship, and, as courting and fighting are intimately connected, the one suggests the other in the mind of the bird, who bows all at once under a misconception."

THE WORD "LOBSTER."

In Its Slang Sense It Has Been in Use For Centuries.

In letters from Sir Walter Scott to William Clark of Eldin, under date of Sept. 10 and 30, 1792, are found allusions to the word "lobster" as a playful sobriquet for the redcoat officers and soldiers of the British army. In this case a boiled lobster is meant, as per evidence of the following couplet, once familiar to the English street boys, and quoted whenever a rifleman in green was seen walking arm in arm with a soldier in red:

There go two lobsters, claw in claw;
One is boiled, and t'other's raw.

Sir Arthur Hazlerigg, in Cromwell's time, commanded a regiment of cuirassiers, who "from their complete armor obtained the nickname of lobsters." (Baldock's "Cromwell as a Soldier.") What was mere rallery in England may readily have grown into an expression of hatred and contempt in America at the time of the Revolution, and, in point of fact, Bancroft's "History of the United States" relates that "lobsters" was one of the abusive epithets applied to the soldiers by the mob on the occasion of the Boston massacre.—Philadelphia Press.

A Taste of Fame.

When Thackeray was a candidate for parliament from the city of Oxford some one remarked to him that he must be well known to most of those whose votes he sought. "Now," said Thackeray, laying down his knife and fork and holding up a finger, "there was only one man among all that I went to see who had heard my name before, and he was a circulating librarian. Such is mortal fame!" That was in 1857 and "Vanity Fair" had been published ten years.

Might Be Worse.

Winks—What makes you look so blue? Jinks—I have six daughters, none of them married or likely to be. Winks—And you are blue over it? You are the most ungrateful mortal that ever breathed. I have six daughters, all married, all have children, and I've got to support the whole crowd.—New York Weekly.

Sorry He Spoke.

"I wish, Mrs. Brown," said the boarder to his landlady, "I wish you'd give me the receipt for that pudding we had yesterday."

"I'd much rather give you a receipt for the board you had last month," returned the landlady tartly.

Her Unhappy Way.

"That girl has an unfortunate idea of repartee."

"Yes," answered Miss Cayenne. "She has an idea that she is saying smart things when she is merely saying things that smart."—Washington Star.

Her Duplicate Presents.

She—Did your sister get any duplicate wedding presents. He—Yes; she married a widower with two boys.

A Loyal Mummy

By IZOLA FORRESTER.

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"Well, all I've got to say is don't get fresh and mix in where you're not wanted, Peggie."

"But I want to," returned Peggie serenely. "She treats him terribly, this summer worse than all, and it's the third summer. If some one doesn't interfere it may go on forever. And he's a splendid boy."

"Better than me?"

"Well," said Peggie kindly, "every one is a type unto himself. I don't think your type clashes with Hadleigh's."

"You darling?"

"Not on the veranda, Billie."

"We're engaged."

"I don't care if we're engaged a hundred times; you can't grab me like that on a hotel veranda in broad daylight."

"There you go. You take up Hadleigh and his troubles and never consider for an instant the way you treat me. We've been engaged four years!"

"Not all the time. Six times separately."

"Well, you ought to be ashamed of yourself. You're as bad as Betty Wayne, and yet you turn around and sympathize with Hadleigh. Sympathize with me."

"I won't. And I'm not as bad as Betty. It's ever so much better being engaged six times separately to one than it is six times separately to six, isn't it?"

Billie took refuge in moody silence in the hammock. Through its meshes he could get a good view of the figure seated on the veranda railing. It was a lissome, girlish figure in pongee and turquoise blue, and she shut one eye contentedly to get the full effect of it against the background of blue sky and sea.

"Betty really thinks the world of him, only she doesn't know it," Peggie announced suddenly after some reflection. "And he considers her so perfectly hopeless that he doesn't dare do a thing but trot around after her like a pet mummy!"

"Mummies can't trot."

"Well, I don't care! He trots around as one would trot if it could trot. Billie Ballister, if you treated me like that I'd never marry you in this world."

"Do you think you ever will?"

"Some day," said Peggie hopefully. "All Hadleigh needs is appreciation. He's tagged around after Betty so long that no other girl will look at him."

"Don't appreciate too strenuously. Hadleigh might not see the point."

"Oh, no, he won't." Peggie's scorn rose superior to discretion. "If I treated you like a stray telegraph pole all the time or a C. O. D. express package to be held till called for, wouldn't you see the point if some other girl took you up and delicately and diplomatically intimated to you that you were altogether just right?"

"I wish I had the chance," said Billie gloomily. "What do I do while you're delicately and diplomatically intimating to Hadleigh?"

"Glower," retorted Peggie sweetly; "stalk and glower and look jealous. Then we'll make up and be engaged for the seventh time. Anyway, Hadleigh won't make love to me. I shall merely act as a diversion for the good of the cause."

It was three weeks later that the diversion ceased. It had been a most successful diversion. Even Billie in his desolation admitted that. So did Hadleigh. From being an engaged nonentity he suddenly became featured on the bill, as Peggie would say. There were handsomer girls at Pineta Point, but there was none quite so winsome and lovable and characteristic of the place as Peggie, and when she undertook the act of delicate and diplomatic intimation she did it thoroughly.

The first week Betty Wayne was amused. The second she flatly declined going in the same coaching party with the two. The third she sent Hadleigh back his ring. And Hadleigh accepted condolences gracefully and pensively and became the steady convoy of Peggie's pink parasol in its wanderings around Pineta Point.

Peggie was happy. Every night she assured Billie things were going splendidly. Hadleigh did take so easily to education. He did not flinch a particle when his ring came back. And Billie said nothing.

The day after the return of the ring the pink parasol took its way up on the bluff overlooking the bay.

"Let's sit here," its owner said to Hadleigh. "I like to watch the fort and the islands. There's Billie Ballister's yacht out there, the Peggie O."

"Named for you, isn't it?"

"It was—last summer."

Hadleigh laughed shortly.

"A new name every summer. It will be the Betty W. soon."

Peggie looked down at him with hurt, surprised eyes.

"Billie will never change the name of that boat," she said, with dignity. "He painted it out yesterday," Hadleigh answered. "I thought you knew."

"Knew what?"

"Betty only broke her engagement with me for the sake of Ballister. She is out there with him now."

"Out there with Billie?" Peggie rose to her feet. She dared not look at Hadleigh. The pink parasol shielded her from his gaze as she looked out at the Peggie O. "I want to go back to the hotel."

"Peggie!"—Hadleigh's voice was more desperate than tender—"I thought you and Ballister were engaged. Did you quarrel too?"

There was no answer.

"If those two come back and Betty

wears his ring!"—He stopped and moved the pink parasol screen aside. "Peggie, let's be first in this game of choosing partners. Let's!"

Peggie caught her breath and turned her back on the yacht.

"Hadleigh, don't you know I haven't cared for you one bit—not that way? I was sorry for you because Betty treated you like a pet mummy, and you hadn't the courage to rebel. I thought if some one else made the mummy show signs of life she would prize him, but she didn't."

Hadleigh watched the tears in the blue eyes, and the grace of understanding fell on him.

"It was Billie," he said.

Peggie smiled back at him bravely. "It was all my fault. I interfered. I never thought Billie would mind, and I never dreamed you would be serious. There's only Betty really, isn't there?"

"Only Betty," said Hadleigh sadly.

"Then be a loyal mummy. It's something, you know, even to be loyal when no one cares whether you are or not."

A long whistle came up the bluff path. For a second Peggie hesitated, then she answered it, and the form of Billie appeared over a ledge of rock.

"Hello!" he called. "Betty Wayne wants you, Hadleigh. Rustic seat over near the spring. Said she'd wait three minutes and no longer. I've done the best I could for you."

When Hadleigh had disappeared, Peggie looked up at the figure on the ledge of rock.

"Did she really send?"

"No, she didn't," retorted Billie, happily, "but she'll be glad to see him, all the same. Peggie, for the seventh time—"

"Who's out in the yacht?" asked Peggie severely.

"Betty's brother and my little brother and your little brother. A bunch of angel kids, and they'll get a bully good ducking if they don't ease her up a bit. See her list?"

Peggie sighed as the figure from the rocks slipped down beside her.

"You dear," she said. "You're a loyal mummy, too."

Base of Mark Twain's Fortune.

Mark Twain said that in his earlier days he did not enjoy the exceptional prosperity which came later in his career. It is commonly the lot of genius to suffer neglect at first, and experience did not affect his abiding good nature. In a conversation with William Dean Howells on one occasion the subject of literary vicissitudes was broached by the humorist.

"My difficulties taught me some thrift," he observed, "but I never knew whether it was wiser to spend my last nickel for a cigar to smoke or for an apple to devour."

"I am astounded," observed Mr. Howells, "that a person of so little decision should meet with so much worldly success."

Mark Twain nodded very gravely. "Indecision about spending money," he said, "is worthy of cultivation. When I couldn't decide what to buy with my last nickel I kept it and so became rich."—Success Magazine.

Result of Presentiment.

"Tony," said a moody British officer to his soldier servant, "something tells me that I shall never come back from this war alive. I seem to have a sort of presentiment that way."

"Then tak' no heed of it, sir," responded the servant. "Them theer presentiments is frauds. A cousin o' mine had one once, and it treated him real shabby. It was just like the one that's a-troublin' you now, sir. He felt sure that he'd be kilt out in Egypt, so he divided his savings between his sweetheart and his bosom chum and went out to be shot, but never a scratch did he get all the time, though he tried his level best to manage it."

"And what happened when he at length returned, Tony? Did those two give him back the money?"

"Not a farden, sir. They'd been and got spliced while he was away and they'd set up housekeepin' on it."—London Answers.

Something About Pie.

Usage alone must decide the issue between pie and tart. Philology, at any rate, draws no clear distinction. It only traces back "tart" to the Latin "tortus," twisted, the pastry being the twisted part, of course, while it is very doubtful about "pie." On the whole, Skeat's conjecture that this expresses the miscellaneous nature of the contents is persuasive. All the "pies" seem to go back to the original one, the magpie—in Latin "pica"—from whose black and white aspect come "pied" and "piebald." The old ordinal or service book was called "pica," or "pie," because of the appearance of the black letter type on the white page, and the edible pie, having equally mixed contents, may have been christened after this by mediaeval humor. Printers' language retains both "pica" for a kind of type and "pie" for type all jumbled up.—London Chronicle.

Speed of the Clouds.

The clouds, as a matter of fact, are noted by the weather bureau people chiefly because they show the direction and the velocity of the higher air currents of the atmosphere. They are like chips which show the flow and eddies of a stream. Their speed is almost inconceivable to us who have watched them floating apparently with scarcely any motion across the sky, seeming what an old weather prophet called them, "those most tranquil travelers, the clouds, whose very motion is rest." The fastest horse and automobile records and even steam engine speed are easily outdone by the quietly drifting masses of mist. A mile in thirty-six seconds is not at all an uncommon velocity for the upper clouds, and they have been observed to do a mile in eighteen seconds.—F. S. Hoppin, Jr., in Leslie's Monthly.